A coyne that beares the figure of an Angell
ſtampt in gold, but thats inſculpt vpon:
But heere an Angell in a golden bed
lies all vvithin. Deliuer me the key:
heere doe I chooſe, and thriue I as I may.

Por. There take it Prince, and if my forme lie there
then I am yours?

Mor. O hell! what haue wee heare, a carrion death,
vvithin whoſe emptie eye there is a written ſcroule,
Ile reade the writing.

All that gliſters is not gold,
Often haue you heard that told,
Many a man his life hath ſold
But my outſide to behold,
Guilded timber doe wormes infold:
Had you beene as wiſe as bold,
Young in limbs, in iudgement old,
Your aunſwere had not beene inſcrold,
Fareyouwell, your ſute is cold.

Mor. Cold indeede and labour loſt,
Then farewell heate, and welcome froſt:
Portia adiew, I haue too greeu'd a hart
To take a tedious leaue: thus loſers part. *Exit.*

Por. A gentle riddance, draw the curtaines, go,
Let all of his complexion chooſe me ſo. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Salarino* and *Solanio.*

Sal. Why man I ſaw *Baſſanio* vnder ſayle,
vvith him is *Gratiano* gone along;
and in theyr ſhip I am ſure *Lorenzo* is not.

Sola. The villaine Iew with outcries raiſd the Duke,
vvho went with him to ſearch *Baſſanios* ſhip.

Sal. He came too late, the ſhip was vnderſaile,
But there the Duke was giuen to vnderſtand
that in a Gondylo were ſeene together
Lorenzo and his amorous *Ieſſica.*
Beſides, *Anthonio* certified the Duke
they were not with *Baſſanio* in his ſhip.

Sol. I neuer heard a paſſio
So ſtrange, outragious, and ſo
as the dogge Iew did vtter in t
My daughter, ô my ducats, ô
Fled with a Chriſtian, ô my C
Iuſtice, the law, my ducats, an
A ſealed bag, two ſealed bags
of double ducats, ſtolne from
and Iewels, two ſtones, two r
Stolne by my daughter: iuſtic
ſhee hath the ſtones vpon her,

Sal. Why all the boyes in V
crying his ſtones, his daughter

Sola. Let good *Anthonio* loo
or he ſhall pay for this.

Sal. Marry well remembre
I reaſond with a Frenchman y
vvho told me, in the narrow ſe
the French and Engliſh, there
a veſſell of our country richly
I thought vpon *Anthonio* whe
and wiſht in ſilence that it wer

Sol. You were beſt to tell *A*
Yet doe not ſuddainely, for it
Sal. A kinder gentleman tr
I ſaw *Baſſanio* and *Anthonio* p
Baſſanio told him he would m
of his returne: he aunſwered,
ſlumber not buſines for my ſa
but ſtay the very riping of the
and for the Iewes bond which
let it not enter in your minde
be merry, and imploy your ch
to courtſhip, and ſuch faire o
as ſhall conueniently become
And euen there his eye being
turning his face, he put his han
and with affection wondrous

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